There, gentle *Hermia*, may I marry thee:
And to that place, the sharpe *Athenian* law
Can not pursue vs. If thou loues mee, then
Steale forth thy fathers house, to morrow night:
And in the wood, a league without the towne
(Where I did meete thee once with *Helena*
To do obseruance to a morne of May)
There will I stay for thee.

Her. My good *Lysander*,
I sweare to thee, by *Cupids* strongest bowe,
By his best arrowe, with the golden heade,
By the simplicitie of *Venus* doues,
By that which knitteth soules, and prospers loues,
And by that fire, which burnd the *Carthage* queene,
When the false *Troian* vnder saile was seene,
By all the vowes that euer men haue broke,
(In number more then euer women spoke)
In that same place thou hast appointed mee,
To morrow truely will I meete with thee.

Lys. Keepe promise loue: looke, here comes *Helena*.

Enter Helena.

Her. God speede faire *Helena*: whither away?

Hel. Call you mee faire? That faire againe vnsay.
Demetrius loues your faire: ô happy faire!
Your eyes are loadstarres, and your tongues sweete aire
More tunable then larke, to sheepeheards eare,
When wheat is greene, when hauthorne buddes appeare.
Sickneſſe is catching: O, were fauour so,
Your words I catch, faire *Hermia*, ere I goe,
My eare should catch your voice, my eye, your eye,
My tongue should catch your tongues sweete melody.
Were the world mine, *Demetrius* being bated,
The rest ile giue to be to you translated.
O, teach mee how you looke, and with what Art,
You sway the motion of *Demetrius* heart.

Her. I frowne vpon him; yet he lo
Hel. O that your frowns would teac
Her. I giue him curses; yet he giues
Hel. O that my prayers could such
Her. The more I hate, the more he f
Hel. The more I loue, the more he
Her. His folly, *Helena*, is no fault o
Hel. None but your beauty; would
Her. Take comfort: he no more sh
Lysander and my selfe will fly this pla
Before the time I did *Lisander* see,
Seem'd *Athens* as a Paradise to mee.
O then, what graces in my loue dooe
That hee hath turnd a heauen vnto a

Lys. *Helen*, to you our mindes wee
To morrow night, when *Phœbe* doth
Her siluer visage, in the watry glasse,
Decking, with liquid pearle, the blad
(A time, that louers flights doth still
Through *Athens* gates, haue wee de

Her. And in the wood, where often
Vpon faint Primrose beddes, were
Emptying our bosomes, of their cour
There my *Lysander*, and my selfe sha
And thence, from *Athens*, turne awa
To seeke new friends and strange co
Farewell, sweete playfellow: pray th
And good lucke graunt thee thy *Dem*
Keepe word *Lysander*: we must starue
From louers foode, till morrow deep

Exit Hermia.

Lys. I will my *Hermia*. *Helena* adie
As you on him, *Demetrius* dote on y

Hele. How happie some, ore other
Through *Athens*, I am thought as fai

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